

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMER

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[From the London Telegraph.]

### Compliment to General Lee.

At Lexington, in the State of Virginia, is a college which bears the name of the most illustrious citizen ever born in the Old Dominion, fertile as that pleasant land has been in heroes; nor could George Washington himself have wished that the college erected in his honor would have for President a worthier chief than the one who quietly entered upon his duties just a fortnight ago. The new President is still in the prime of manhood, though already his hair and beard are grey; he has been long accustomed to command; he is familiar with hardships as with fame—he has slept for months amid the woods of Virginia, and has crossed the Rappahannock Northward at the head of a victorious army; he has been proven alike by good and evil fortune, and, whether when threatening the Federal capital, or when surrendering his sword to a Federal Captain, he has ever borne himself as becometh a man born alike by ancestry and by nature. The descendant of "Light Horse Harry" has doffed the grey uniform for the garb of a peaceful professor; nor can we own that the change is a degradation, even for Robert Lee.

There is a difference in this mode of action, but no alteration in the object, which is simply to render the best service he can to his native State. To that single aim he has never once been unfaithful; and he will still pursue it, we may rest assured, with the old high enthusiasm tempered by a cautious brain. Throughout the war nothing was more remarkable than Lee's personal influence—in the manner in which he impressed every one who approached him. That men, with Jackson's purity and earnestness, or with the *debonnaire* and graceful valor of Stuart, should appreciate the illustrious qualities of their leaders, was only natural; but even the humblest soldiers in the ranks felt, though they might not have been able to express the moral power which Lee exerted. The war was in all conscience, sanguinary enough, but there would have been a very carnival of carnage, a devilish outbreak of all men's fiercest passions had the Southern leader been of a different temper.

Gallantly as the Confederates fought, we must never forget their armies were composed of somewhat questionable raw material; that the volunteers, with all the instinct of bravery which seldom deserts a dominant class, had likewise many of the vices which are inevitably engendered by the possession of arbitrary power. Accustomed to the unchecked license of authority, the slaveholders might perchance have been ready enough to give the war a character of intestine hatred; and it was eminently due to Robert E. Lee that the courage and humanities of civilized warfare were, on the whole observed. The gentle nature of the man never degenerated into weakness; with a high hand he could restrain excesses, and admirably did he exercise this power. There are no purer pages in the history of the civil war than those which relate to his invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, at a time when the temper of the Southern people was sorely tried.

Such qualities as he displayed could not fail, in the long run, to win the regard of a manly and affectionate people; and while we find that he was loved like a father by all those who shared his immediate perils, we have not yet forgotten that when the victorious veterans of the North were marching home through Richmond, they burst into a splendid shout of enthusiasm as they recognized, gravely contemplating them from a curtained window, the familiar form and face of Robert E. Lee.

A Canadian printer, J. R. Dunlap, was married in Chicago recently to the daughter of a Milwaukee merchant, the young lady coming out on the occasion with fifteen thousand dollars' worth of fancy dry goods and jewelry. She is said to be worth one hundred thousand dollars. Of course Mr. Dunlap will "put on a sub" and walk around town for the rest of his life.

**DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED ODD FELLOW.**—John J. Davies, Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the State of New York, died on Wednesday, in Brooklyn. He was also at the time of his death Grand Scribe of the Grand Encampment, and a representative of that body in the Grand Lodge of the United States. He had been a member of the Order a quarter of a century.

### The Lord God A Sun.

What enlargement and expansion is given to scriptural figures drawn from natural objects by gaining a fuller knowledge of those objects themselves. "The Lord God is a sun" conveys a striking and impressive truth when we think of the sun only in his obvious character as a source of light and heat. But what new energy is given to this magnificent emblem when we learn from astronomy that he is a grand centre of attraction, and when we in addition take in that sublime generalization that the sun is the ultimate source of every form of power existing in the world. The wind wafts the commerce of every nation over the mighty deep, but the heat of the sun has rarified the air and set that wind in motion. The descending stream yields a power that grinds your grain, turns your spindles, works your looms, drives your forges; but it is because the sun gathered up the vapor from the ocean, which fell upon the hills, and is finding its way back to the source from whence it came. The expansive energy of steam propels your engines, but the force with which it operates is locked up in the coal, the remains of extinct forests stored among your hills, or is derived from the wood that abounds in your forests, which now crown and beautify their summits. Both these primeval and these existing forests drew their substance from the sun; it is the chemical force resident in his rays which disengaged their carbon from the atmosphere and laid it up as a source of power for future use. The animal exerts a force by muscular contraction—he draws it from the vegetable on which he feeds, the vegetable derives it from the sun, whose rays determine its growth. Every time you lift your arm, every time you take a step, you are drawing on the power the sun has given you. When you step into the railway-carriage it is the sun power that hurries you along. When a gentle breeze fans your languid cheek, and when the resistless tornado levels cities in its fury, they are the servants of the sun. What an emblem of Him in whom we live and move and have our being.—*Professor.*

### A Strange Story.

In 1847, a young physician, who had just graduated at the Missouri State University, and returned to his home in Illinois to practice his profession, led to the altar a lady who had won his love. The young physician, with that professional ardor which burns so brightly in the heart of all students, had on his return home procured a "subject" or cadaver for dissection, by desecrating the village grave yard. By some means this fact became known, and a warrant was issued for his arrest and placed in the hands of an officer to serve, which he did in a few moments after the marriage supper was performed. The crime being a felony, the bridegroom's position may readily be imagined to have been extremely unenviable, and the prospects of a prison cell being anything but agreeable, he determined to make his escape. The officer having granted him the privilege of saying a few words in private to his bride, he retired with her to a room, bade her farewell, jumped from the window and escaped. He was pursued for many days, but finally managed to elude his pursuers, and settled in Missouri. A year later he wandered into New Mexico, and from thence, in the course of a few years, he found his way into California. During his wanderings he had failed to correspond with his wife, and she, believing him dead, married again. After a time he learned this fact, but determined to remain dead to her, and it was not until a few months ago he altered his determination. Happening to pick up a newspaper published in one of the Western cities, he read an account of the death of the husband of his wife, and knowing her to be free, he wrote to her, stating that he "he still lived," and cherished her memory as green as when he kissed her lips in parting nineteen years ago. He told her he was still free, and asked her to come and enjoy with him the fortune he had accumulated. The wife widow received the letter, and while she read, the early love returned, and she determined to join him. Disposing of her property, she, with a daughter twelve years of age, took passage for California, and were met on the wharf by the old husband, who conducted them to the Cosmopolitan Hotel, where they remained till a license was procured and a minister married the parties; after which they proceeded to the house that had been prepared for them, and where they, on Thursday evening, entertained quite a number of friends. Truly, the incidents of real life are more startling and romantic than the wildest fancies of the romancer.—*San Francisco Californian.*

In the late civil war, 220 battles were fought. In Virginia, 80; Tennessee, 37; Missouri, 37; Georgia, 12; South Carolina, 16; North Carolina, 11; Alabama, 7; Florida, 5; Kentucky, 14; the Indian Territory and New Mexico, one each. There were also seventeen naval engagements.

### Sale of Slaves Before the War.

The following case, says the Macon (Georgia) Messenger, which came off at the April term of Sumter Court, before his Honor, Alex. H. Speer, will be read with unusual interest. The points decided are such as to affect thousands of our citizens and gives, on that account, a prominence to this decision beyond that which usually attaches to a decision of the circuit courts. We understand that the case will go up to the Supreme Court.

James W. Armstrong vs. Columbus W. Hand. Complaint on notes for value of three negroes, sold in 1860. Plea, failure of consideration, and breach of covenant, etc.

In Sumter Superior Court, April term, 1866. Colonel Joseph Armstrong and General Howell Cobb, representing the plaintiff Messrs. Hawkins and McKay for defendants.

The facts are briefly these: Armstrong, plaintiff, on the 9th of January, 1860, sold three negroes to defendants, for a given sum, and took their notes for the same, and now sues upon these notes. Plaintiff warranted titles, that they were slaves for life. The defendants plead failure of consideration and breach of covenant of warranty, by the abolition of slavery.

The court held the covenant only warranted the title and status of the slaves, as the law then stood, and that the act of the government abolishing slavery, repealed the covenant. The plaintiff was, therefore, entitled to recover the notes sued upon.

### AN ARKANSAS FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Bob, you are about leaving home for strange parts. You are going to throw me out of the game and go it alone. The odds are agin you, Bob—remember that industry and perseverance are the winning cards, as they are the "bowers" Book learning, and all that sort of thing, will do to fill up with, like small trumps, and you must have the bowers to back them, or they aint worth shucks. If luck is agin you pretty strong, don't cave and look like a sick chicken on a rainy day; but hold up your head and make all believe you are flush of trumps; they dont play so hard agin you. I've lived and traveled around some, Bob, and I've found out that as soon as some folks thought you held a weak hand, they'd all buck agin you strong. So, when you are sorter weak, keep on a bold front, but play cautious; be satisfied with a pint. Many's the hand I've seen 'em euted because they played for too much. Keep your eyes well skinned, Bob; dont let 'em nig you; recollect the game lays as much with the head as with the hands. Betemperate—never get drunk; for then, no matter how you play it, both bowers and the ace won't save you; for there's sartin to be a "missdeal" or something wrong. And another thing, Bob, (this was spoken in a low tone) don't go too much on women; queens is kinder poor cards; the more you have of 'em the worse for you; you might have three and nary a trump. I don't say discard 'em all; if you get hold of one that is a trump, it's all good, and there's sartin to be one out of four. And above all, Bob, be honest; never take a man's trick wot don't belong to you, nor "slip" cards or "nig," for then you can't look your man in the face, and when that's the case, there's no fun in the game; it's a regular "cat-throat." So now, Bob, farewell; remember wot I tell you, and you will be sure to win; and if you don't, it sarves you right if you get "skunked."

### A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one whom had a family; the other had none. On this spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his without his knowledge." The younger brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself, "My elder brother has a family, I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment when, on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard, and solve the mystery. They did so; when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed by such association as this was the Temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world! Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock, than add to it a single sheaf.

### Tell Your Mother

I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything? Not those "young ladies" who going to and from school, smile, bow and exchange notes and *cartes de visite* with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would wake your cheeks burn with shame if you heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh young face admiringly, and send or give you charming verses and bouquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School girl flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourselves truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun," in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would do no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is very strange, that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important that she should know. It is very sad that in different persons should know more about her own fair young daughter than she herself.

### THE CHARM OF LIFE.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but, oh! how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortunes, the sundering of the earthly ties, and the cankerworm of grief—but the vast majority of evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—no thing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be, were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good? God has blessed us with a home that is not dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storm dies away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtains upon the earth, which is very beautiful, when autumn breathes her chanting breath upon it—God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a being so good, and we can live happier than we do.

**WANTED.**—The diameter of the "circle of fashion."

A square foot from "a deal of trouble."

"Feathers" from the wings of love.

The "cord" that binds two hearts together.

A relic from the "shrine of friendship."

Bubbles from the "springs of joy."

A gem from the "crown of virtue."

The weapon with which people "kill time."

To know if "spirits" of wine and ghosts are akin.

A stone from the "pinnacle" of glory.

To know the length of a plumb-line that will sound the "depths of knowledge."

To know the rate of the tide of the "flow of reason."

To know if any one intends publishing the "music of the spheres" and whether the "march of intellect" is in slow or quick time.

And how to soothe a "murmuring stream," or to quiet a "babbling brook."

**SUCCESSFUL EDITORS.**—An English writer says: "A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or a poet, born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and the writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. 'I can,' said the late editor of the London Times, 'find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense.' Nearly all successful editors are of this description. A good editor seldom writes much for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters, and combines, and to do all this well he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper another."

A due fervor makes a plain discourse more touching than one exquisitely composed and coldly delivered, as a blunt iron, when red hot, will pierce deeper into a piece of wood than a much sharper one that is cold.

A writer in a Georgia paper introduces the American Eagle, which for years has been a comparative stranger in those parts, in this style, preliminary to the Fourth of July:

"The American Eagle is looking at us. His tail feathers have been plucked out, but still he is on the roost. Miss Columbia is also standing with her flag staff and flag on to it, but she looks a little pensive. Fourth of July comes but once a year, but it's dull. We must fix up the Eagle, get the Goddess a new set of teeth and a waterfall, and have Fourth of July got up regardless of expense. We must give all the Mormon women a husband a piece, marry the anxious schoolmarm that come down South to teach the darkeys, put the niggers at work, build a horse railroad from New York to the City of Mexico, dam up the Gulf Stream, lick England, (Old and New,) annex Cuba, and we will be again a great and glorious country."

**AN ODOROUS COMPARISON.**—The venerable Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, thus alludes in a public speech of the proposition for social equality of whites and negroes:

"Other candidates may do as they please, but so far as I am concerned I will do nothing to weaken or divide those opposed to the monstrous and unnatural doctrine rampant at Washington, of negro social and political equality. God's curse has stamped the negro with an infaceable black skin and a wholly head; and in His providence, has kept him for six thousand years in close proximity to other races, but always subordinate—in mind and body, as well as in civilization and refinement; and yet we have the spectacle now before us of a deliberate conspiracy in the North to bring down one favored race to the negro level, in violation to God's law, and all written history. The idea of elevating the odorous sons of Africa to the Caucasian status, is about as absurd as trying to perfume dog fennel by tying it up in a bouquet with pinks and roses."

**THE WILL OF A DRUNKARD.**—I die a wretched sinner; and I leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example and a memory that is only fit to perish.

I leave to my parents sorrow and bitterness of soul all the days of their lives.

I leave to my brothers and sisters shame and grief, and reproach of their acquaintances.

I leave to my wife a widowed and broken heart, and a life of lonely struggling with want and suffering.

I leave my children a tainted name, a ruined position, a pitiful ignorance, and the mortifying recollection of a father who, by his life, disgraced humanity, and at his premature death joined the great company of those who are never to enter the kingdom of God.

**EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF PIETY.**—Knowledge, planted by the hand of affection in the hallowed sanctuary of home, is wont to take deeper root than "seed sown by the way side." Parents who write, with their own pencils, lines of heaven upon the fresh tables of the children's hearts—who trust not to the hands of hirelings their first, holiest, most indelible impressions—will usually find less than others to blot out when the scroll is finished, and to mourn for when they read it in eternity.

### SELF-EXAMINATION.

Let no soft slumber close mine eyes,  
Ere I have recollected thrice,  
The train of actions through the day,  
When have my feet marked out their way?  
What have I learnt where'er I've been,  
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?  
What know I more trials worth the knowing  
What have I done that's worth the doing?  
What have I sought that I should shun?  
What duties have I left undone?  
Or into what new follies run?  
These self-inquiries are the road  
That leads to virtue and to God.

[From the Greek of Pythagoras.]

A German prince was once visiting the arsenal of Toulon, and was told that, in compliment to his rank, he might set free one of the galley slaves. Anxious to use the privilege well, he spoke to many of them, and asked the cause of their punishment. All declared it to be unjust, till he came to one who confessed his sin, and deplored it, saying: "I acknowledge I deserve to be broken on the wheel." The prince exclaimed—"This is the man I wish to be released."

How many, adorned with all the rarities of intellect, have stumbled on the entrance into life, and have made a wrong choice on the very thing which was to determine their course forever. This is among the reasons, and perhaps the principle one, why the wise and the happy are two distinct classes of men.